

# PONOKA HERALD

EUGENE RHIAN, Editor and Proprietor.

—A PROGRESSIVE PAPER IN A PROGRESSIVE TOWN.—

Subscription \$1.00 per year

VOLUME III.

PONOKA, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7 1902

NUMBER 10.

**Boston**  
Thursday Eve,  
November 13.

**At PONOKA  
SCHOOL HOUSE  
Entertainers.**

**Money to Loan! Money to Loan!**  
**On Town or Farm Property.**

We can give you a STRAIGHT loan on town or farm property. Terms to suit borrower. No shares. Low interest. When you want a loan call on or write to

Real Estate,  
Loaning,  
Fire and Life Insurance.

**J. D. SKINNER,  
Lacombe.**

## Our Business

Is Repairing Watches and Clocks

If you have a time piece that has been giving you trouble bring it to us.—We'll fix it.

Special Attention to Cleaning and Repriring.

Full Stock of  
**FINE JEWELRY.**  
Always on hand.

**H. McDERMOTT.**

## FEED GRINDING

Done on Short Notice.

We have just added a new Feed Grinder and are now prepared to do all kinds of grinding.

The Ponoka  
Saw Mill.

**Loewen & Co.**

## Look Here!

**Large Stock of  
Grain Sacks**

Just Received.  
Selling at Low Figures.

A fine line of men's snag-proof Rubbers.—Prices will surprise you.

Our Stock of Groceries  
are of Very High Quality.

Car Flour just arrived. Call and get prices on winter supply.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

**F. E. Alcar & Co.**  
The Postoffice Store.

**John Simington**

**CARPENTER**

—AND—

**CONTRACTOR**

...Fine Inside Work a Specialty...

Estimates Cheerfully Given.

.. All Work Guaranteed.

CHIPMAN AVENUE, PONOKA.

## Export Cattle.

Looking at the well developed and splendidly fattened cattle which have been passing through the Winnipeg stock yards of late enroute from the ranges of the west to the markets of the old country, one is reminded of Whittier's lines in "The Drovers".—

"We drive no starvelings, scraggy, brown.

Loose-legged and ribbed and bony  
Like those who grind their noses down  
On pastures bare and stony.

Lank oxen, rough as Indian dogs,  
And cows too lean for shadows.

Disputing feebly with the frogs  
The crop of saw-grass meadows.

In our good droves, so sleek and fair  
No bones of leanness rattle;

No tottering hide-bound ghosts are  
there.

Or Pharaoh's evil cattle.

Each stately heave bespeaks the hand  
That fed him unrepining:

The fatness of a goodly land  
In each dim hide is shining."

Never before has Western Canada marketed a finer looking lot of cattle than those which are going out by the east and south this year. Old heads in the business here and in the west testify to this effect, and visitors to the country invariably express amazement on beholding the western herds for the first time. And not only is this the case with those who see these cattle before they leave the country, but at eastern and southern shipping and handling points the same opinion has been expressed, and this testimony we may regard as being the most valuable as it is free from the tendency to say nice things which is regarded as a necessary politeness on the part of visitors who are seeing things under the guidance of the owner or producer. The Canadian cattle which recently passed through the St. Paul stock yards were greatly admired there, and were said to be superior in weight and finish to those which come from the western ranges of the United States. This is no doubt due, if it is true, to the almost virgin state of the Canadian pastures. It is no wonder that the American ranchers on seeing these Canadian cattle should decide as some of them are doing, to move with their herds to Canadian ranges.—Commercial.

## First Fall of the Beautiful.

The first fall of snow for this season came Sunday night, Nov. 2. Monday morning mother earth was just nicely wrapped in her white mantle for the first time since last winter. During the day and following night enough more fell to cover the ground to the depth of about an inch. During Tuesday this melted considerably. It began snowing again Tuesday night and Wednesday witnessed a heavy downfall of the beautiful white snow, the harbinger of winter. In all about three inches of snow have fallen and sleighing is quite good. The weather is mild.

## An Alberta Grain Yield.

J. T. Neil, of Clover Bar, finished threshing last week having forty acres of oats that yielded one hundred bushels per acre. The balance averaged seventy-two bushels per acre. The seed oats that this yield was grown from were tested at Ottawa, giving a test of thirty-five strong plants and forty-five weak ones. He was strongly advised not to sow them, but to try and secure better seed. However, he sowed them, three bushels to the acre and received the above results.—Edmonton Bulletin.

## Cattle to Winter.

12 head of cattle, cows and young heifers, want some one to winter, or will put out on shares on long or short time. Inquire at this office.

## - Big - Fur Sale!

Now is the Time to Buy Your

**FURS.**

We are offering every line at greatly reduced prices. —We are going to give you the benefit—not when the cold weather is over but at the beginning of the season.

**Men's Coats and Caps**

At Prices that will astonish you.

**Ladies' Collars, Collarettes,  
Gauntlets, Caps, etc.**

At prices unequalled in this part of the country. Call early and secure some of the bargains.

**Rubber Goods.**

We have the most complete stock in town.—Quality the best, prices the lowest. Come along everybody—we are the people that can save you money.

**Salt only \$3.75 per Barrel.**

**Fairley & Co.'s**

Highest Price paid for Butter & Eggs.

**STOVES. STOVES.  
STOVES.**

**A CARLOAD  
JUST RECEIVED FROM  
McClary's, London.**

Call and see us and get prices  
if you want any kind of a stove  
or range.

NOTHING LIKE THE FAMOUS "SUNSHINE" BURNERS.

Yours for  
Trade...

**W. H. SPACKMAN. Ponoka.**

**GEO. B. HENWOOD.**

**ADVOCATE.**

**Wetaskiwin, - - - Alberta.**

Will be in Ponoka WEDNESDAYS.

Office with Arnold & Christie.

All Legal Business Promptly Executed



# THE HERALD.

Published at Ponoka, Alberta, every Friday morning.

EUGENE RHIAN, Proprietor.

All bills rendered the 1st of the month.

Subscription \$1.00 in advance.

All communications intended for publication in the current issue should reach this office the preceding Tuesday. Correspondence from surrounding country earnestly solicited. Advertising rates on application.

## DIRECTORY.

D. C. Postoffice of Ponoka.

MAILS GOING NORTH CLOSE AT THIS OFFICE AS FOLLOWS:  
Monday and Friday 1:45 p. m.  
Thursday 3:40 p. m.

MAILS GOING SOUTH CLOSE  
Tuesday, Thurs., Sat. 10:45 a. m.  
Wednesday and Friday 10:20 a. m.  
Office hours from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m.  
F. E. ALGAR, P. M.

## C. & E. Time Table.

GOING NORTH  
Monday, Wed. & Friday 1:45 p. m.  
Tues., Thurs. & Sat. 10:25 p. m.

GOING SOUTH  
Monday, Wed. Friday 10:20 a. m.  
Tuesday, Thurs. & Sat. 11:10 a. m.

## Ponoka Churches.

**PRESBYTERIAN.** Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. alternating every Sunday. Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 8:40 p. m. Wednesday evenings. All cordially invited. J. A. MAIR, Pastor.

**METHODIST CHURCH.** Services at 11:00 a. m. and at 7:00 p. m. alternating every Sunday. Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. Prayer meeting 8:00 p. m. on Friday evenings. The public cordially invited. THOS. P. PERRY, Pastor.

**CHURCH OF ENGLAND.** Services held first and third Sunday in each month at 3:00 p. m.

**ROMAN CATHOLIC.** Services in the school house at 10:30 on the first Sunday in each month.

## PROFESSIONAL.

**CHAS. PATCHETT.**  
UNDERTAKER.  
Full stock of Funeral Goods.  
Prices Moderate.  
PONOKA ALBERTA.

**ALBERT E. SAGE**  
UNDERTAKER.  
Full stock of Coffins and Caskets.  
PONOKA ALBERTA.

**ANGUS A. DRINNAN.**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
Office over McKinnell's Drug Store.  
50 per cent extra for night calls.  
PONOKA ALBERTA.

## FRATERNAL.

**CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS.** Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month at 8:00 p. m. A cordial invitation to all visiting members.  
WILLIAM M. JONES, Chief Ranger.  
EUGENE RHIAN, R. S. & F. S.

JOHN C. RATHBUN.

## Carpenter.

AND  
Builder.

Will contract for Complete Building or work by day.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED. PRICES RIGHT. WORK GUARANTEED.

Enquire of A. REID or address me at Ponoka, Alberta.

## W. D. PITCAIRN

Notary Public,  
Conveyancer,  
Auctioneer.

Naturalization Papers including Registration \$2.00.

Money to loan on improved town and farm property.

No Delay. Terms Reasonable.

CHIPMAN AVENUE.

Ponoka Alberta.

# Local and General.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

Jingle! Jingle! The sleigh bells go.

Mrs B. C. Groat is visiting in Edmonton.

J. D. McGillivray is on a business trip to Edmonton.

English Church services were held by Rev. Rickard last Sunday. He will be here again two weeks from next Sunday.

Master Herbert Bird will entertain about fifteen of his young friends this afternoon, it being the anniversary of his sixth birthday.

Robt. A. Lawrence the defuncting Wetaskiwin merchant, pleaded guilty to the charge of forgery at Durand, Wis., the 22nd ult. and was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary.

Hazel Hill school district is a new proposed district. The organization meeting will be held at N. P. Nelson's Nov. 11. Fred Harris, E. C. Bennett and Emmet Harris constitute the school committee.

Robt. Shields, author of "My Travels; or Lands Far and Near", was here this week gathering matter for his book and at the same time soliciting subscribers of which he has secured a goodly number in the village.

## Johnson-Robinson.

The residence of Mrs. S. B. Robinson, two miles north of town on last Monday evening was the scene of a very pretty wedding when her daughter Jeanie was united in the holy bonds of wedlock to Mr. Alexander Johnson. Rev. J. A. Mair performing the nuptial ceremony. The groom is young carpenter whose residence is at Calgary, while the bride is a popular young lady, well known to the residents of the Ponoka district having many friends who extend her best wishes. The ceremony was witnessed by a large number of friends. A sumptuous repast was served in a handsomely decorated tent after which a pleasant dance was enjoyed by those present.

## Landseekers' Experiences.

An English gentleman and his Irish servant arrived in Ponoka recently for the purpose of locating. Early in the morning before the Cox crew he selected a Brown Mair from the livery barn which he was assured was as swift as a Dart. He also showed him a White one but as it had just come from Creighton it was hardly fit to drive for a Dea or two. Before starting on their journey Pat, who was acting as Page to the English Earl, suggested they have a drink as he was all of a Trimble. No, thing loath they went to the hotel kept by a lady Anderson and walking down Sellar to the Barr called for some Shary and tendered a Groat in payment but was told that such a Price could not be accepted. Being a Goodman he paid a Little more and at last they got Fairley started. It was a fine Dea. They had driven out West only a short distance when they struck a nice Stretch of open country, with very little Bush except here and there a bunch of Sage brush; but unfortunately it was a slough and as their buggy was Fuller and heavier than the ordinary 1-horse buggy it sank nearly out of sight in the soft soil and there they stuck. They jumped out and got the Mair out and tied her on the Lee side to a bunch of Courser grass that had not been cut. Then Pat took a Walker round to see what the chances were of assistance from their Dodd-gated predicament, remarking that if he had Wings he would immediately leave Dewilde country. "Faith, no I have no patience with this Kennedy. If we ever get out of this Marsh alive I'll go to Dewar before I'll ever come here again." About this time Dick Smith, who was a Woodman, happened along with a yoke of Steers and taking

in the situation at a glance proceeded to hook on to the buggy to extricate it. "Naismith" said Pat, "let us first unload the buggy", but Smith, who had already hooked on spoke to the Steers and they drew the load out of the Myer on to the hard road where they got straightened out and again proceeded on their way. After a time they reached higher ground and Pat's joy knew no bounds. "Begorra what a Fairfield this is, let's ate here. I see a Bird over there on a Reed, I think he is a king Fisher. I'll just shoot him and Cooke him for dinner. Sure an our Case is not so bad as it might be." After eating their dinner, which consisted mainly of the Bird, some bread and a chunk of cheese, the Rhian of which was as tough as Ledgerwood, and taking a Horn from their jug, Pat suggested taking a short Knapp, remarking that any Truman would do the same thing. The English man did not care to sleep so they talked for awhile, Pat telling about his life in the old country and his days of courtship winding his story up with the remark that the only way to Courtright was to do it quickly and not give the lady time to change her mind as ladies do if ye give them time enough. Being refreshed and the Mair rested Pat took a Turner round to find some water. He soon came to a creek and in the soft mud saw some tracks which he thought must have been made by a Coon or Martin. He bent down to get a drink and in so doing tore his coat but he remarked "Biddy can Patchett when I get home". After looking over this land and deciding to enter for it provided that they were assured at the office that no one would Steele the timber off it during their absence. The Bell was just ringing for supper when they returned. Pat was in high spirits and exhibited a Posey he had plucked from his master's new acquisition. Having imbibed freely on his return he was in good talking humor and his Irish wit enabled him to successfully Perry the Shaffs of good-natured bandiage aimed at him. "Sure and it Hertz me not, so keep the Ball a rollin' boys. Out Yonder on our new farm I went for a bit of a Hunt and sure didn't a man Beck for me to come over where he had a Cole mine and help him out o' a meat barrel nearly full O'Brien. He had found a Rosenberry both on one bush and in trying to get both had fallen into the barrel and I had to saw the barrel off him to get him out.

Wouldn't this give you a Payne?

Don't forget the big Fur Sale at Fairleys. Bargains in every line.

Corn up—brooms down. You can get a good three string broom for 25c at Fairley's.

Salt by the barrel only \$1.50 at Fairley's.

## How are Your EYES?

We have just added to our stock a complete optical outfit and are prepared to fit cases of all kinds.

Satisfaction Guaranteed in Every Case.

R. W. McKINELL,

Druggist. - - - Ponoka.

# Hyloplate Blackboard.

Just what you must have in that new school house. CHEAP.  
C. E. Reed.

# J. G. Armstrong & Co. BANKERS.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.  
FARM LOANS AND INSURANCE.

PONOKA, ALBERTA.

## ...HENRY HERTZ...

—DEALER IN—

## Wholesale -:- Liquors.

A Fine Line of Liquors at wholesale. Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes, etc. at Retail.

PONOKA, - - ALTA.

New House and Newly Furnished

Rates: \$1 and \$2 per day.

## Hotel Leland

SELLARS & McCUE, Props.

Special Attention to Commercial Trade.

Ponoka, Alta.

The Bar is stocked with a Fine Stock of Liquors and Cigars.

# The De LaVal The Prince of Cream Separators.

Skims the cleanest; runs the easiest.

EUGENE RHIAN, Agent.

## DON'T FORGET TO ASK

—FOR THE—

## Maple Leaf Brand

SPICES AND JELLY COMPOUNDS.

Biscuits, etc. put up expressly for us. Pure and fresh. Just in.

Auctioneer.

B. C. GROAT.

## STARKEY & CO.

Guarantee their work in all lines of...

## General Blacksmithing.

Best Equipped Shop in the village.

Years of Experience in our Line

## Pioneer Barn.



DRAYING Promptly DONE.

W. M. JONES, Prop.

C. P. R. LAND GUIDE.

Special attention to care of FARMERS' TEAMS. Promptness - always - our - Specialty.



# Local and General.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

Ole Brédson of Morningside has been appointed a notary public.

Albert Lawson, general agent for the Anderson pumps, was here the first of the week looking after his business.

The first skating of the season was done Tuesday evening on Houghton's lake. The ice was about an inch and a half thick.

"Denominationalism as a Stumbling Block" will be the theme of Rev. Perry's sermon Sunday evening. The public cordially welcomed.

The weather has gradually been closing in until now it appears that winter is upon us. The ponds and sloughs are frozen over although Battle river is still open.

Ira Deuel and Hugh Miller drove in Friday night from an extended drive from their places to Lacombe thence to Ponoka. The boys saw a good deal of game on their trip and killed some fine ducks.

N. T. Peuck is erecting a temporary residence on his lot on Donald avenue. His family will live in it until next spring when it will be utilized as a barn and a large and commodious residence will be erected.

The HERALD would like a correspondent in every school district in the vicinity. This will not only greatly improve the paper but will also build up your community. We will gladly furnish stationery to any who will act in this capacity.

S. E. Stephens is just getting around again after a couple of weeks' undesired lay off caused by cutting his foot while working on the lake. He narrowly escaped the loss of one toe but we are glad to state is rapidly recovering.

A. G. Harrison, of Edmonton, the popular agent for Dominion lands for North Alberta, was on Wednesday of last week united in marriage to Miss Florence Jackson, of Ontario. The HERALD adds congratulations to those of the many friends.

Ponoka will be almost depopulated as far as those doing day labor is concerned the coming winter. By the time the various logging camps are supplied with their respective quota of men the village and community will be pretty well drained of all who desire to do this class of labor.

E. W. Buck has opened a logging camp at Battle lake and is now hiring men to work there this winter. About forty men will be needed. He expects to get out about two million feet of lumber to be rafted down to Ponoka early in the spring for Messrs Blain & McKillop, of Strathcona.

At the Northern Alberta teachers' convention at Strathcona last week Miss Adelaide Jeckell, principal of the Ponoka school, taught a literature class in Standard III, the topic being 'Abou Ben Adam'. Her method of teaching was highly approved of. She was also elected first vice-president of the Association.

One of the most successful, financially as well as socially, of country school entertainments was held at the Nebraska school house on last Thursday evening. The well arranged and ably rendered program was enjoyed by a packed audience and the magnificent sum of \$36.50 netted for the purpose of purchasing an organ for the school and Sunday school.

Ponoka should have a hockey team this season. With the river so near at hand, we could have with very little exertion, as good a rink as there is on the line, and with a properly organized and practical team, Ponoka may as well take an active part in some of the contests in this invigorating sport and win her share of the prizes for champion teams.

Numerous prairie fires were rife on the C. & E. last week, caused by sparks from the engines. No serious damage was done in this immediate section.

J. A. McKinnon, representing the Imperial Life Insurance Co., was here the last of the week. S. Barker has taken the local agency for this company.

Lee, Sellars and O'Brien returned Saturday from their week's hunting trip to Battle lake. They had an enjoyable trip and came home well laden with game as their reward. They brought home with them 209 ducks, mostly green mallards, 40 braces of chickens, several geese, some partridges and a number of rabbits. They had a snapshot taken of themselves and part of the game and now have the pictures as a verification of their experiences.

D. C. Tiffany returned on Friday from Winnifred, S. D., where he has been operating his threshing machine the past two months. Crops in that part of the state were fairly good this year, the yield being from twelve to twenty for wheat and thirty to forty for oats. Mr. Tiffany enjoyed a very satisfactory run with his machine.

A toe social is advertised at the Dakota school house fourteen miles northwest of the village for the evening of November 15. An interesting program will be rendered and needless to say an enjoyable time will be had, as all who have ever attended a "toe social" can attest. The proceeds will go toward furnishing the school and the entertainment is deserving of a good patronage.

On last Monday M. R. Hopper and wife, Mrs. Arthur Hopper and Mrs. Perkins arrived from Pine Island, Minn. to take up their residence here. Mr. Hopper was here last fall and located land for himself and three sons. Mrs. Perkins is grandmother to Irwin Perkins, southwest of town. The two boys Arthur and Ollie Hopper arrived with the car of effects on Tuesday. They will at once begin their residence in buildings erected for five miles southwest of Ponoka by Ernie Hopper who has been here for a year. Mr. Hopper has abundant faith in Alberta, and says it presents to him advantages he knows of in no other place.

A teacher of a public school in Northampton, Mass., recently submitted to her class a number of questions not in the text books, and requested that the answers be returned in manuscript. Among the subjects was the question: "What are Newspapers?" A bright boy handed in the following essay.

"Newspapers are sheets of paper on which stuff to read is printed. The men look over the paper to see if their names is in it, and the women use it to put on shelves and such. I don't know how newspapers came into the world. I don't think God does. The Bible says nothing about editors and I never heard of one being in heaven. I guess the editors is the missing link them fellers talk about. The first editor I ever heard of was the feller who wrote up the flood. He has been here ever since. Some editors belong to church and some try to raise whiskers. All of them raise hell in their neighborhood and all of them are liars; at least all I know, and I only know one. Editors never die. At least I never saw a dead one. Sometimes the paper dies and then the people feel glad, but some one starts it up again. Editors never went to school because editors never got licked. Our paper is a mighty poor one, but we take it so ma can use it on our pantry shelves. Our editor don't amount to much, but paw says he had a poor chance when he was a boy. He goes without underclothing in winter, has no socks, and has a wife to support him. Paw hasn't paid his subscription in five years, and don't intend to."

## Taken up.

Brown cow and black heifer at my place. Party can recover same by paying charges.

CAPT. BINKLEY.

## Strayed.

Black Polled Angus cow about Oct. 15, from Henry Hossimer's place ten miles southeast of Ponoka. Finder please advertise or notify

HENRY HOSSIMER.

## Taken Up.

Dark brown mare, young, weighs about 800 pounds, hind feet white, branded a triangle on left shoulder. Rope on neck, halter on head. For particulars inquire at this office.

## For Sale.

Half a dozen fine shoats for sale, at reasonable prices. Also 300 bushels good barley.

W. S. BRYANT, Houghton House.

## For Sale.

The S. E. 1 of Sec. 17-12-25, at \$8.25 per acre.

W. L. STEELE, Sec. 34-42-25

## Toe Social.

A Toe Social is to be held at the Dakota school house on the evening of Nov. 15. Admission, adults, 10c, children, 5c; Refreshments served at 7 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

## Taken Up.

Black gelding, 3 years old, weighs about 800 pounds, no brand, right hind foot and left front foot white, white star on forehead also white on nose. Owner pay expenses and take same away.

FRED COOPER.

## Strayed.

From Ponoka on Wednesday Oct. 22nd., One Chocolate Colored Pointer, Bird Dog, Curly. Any information leading to his recovery rewarded by

CHAS. PATCHETT.

## Violin For Sale.

Do you want a good violin, if so ask for it at R. W. McKinnell's drug store.

W. J. EARL.

## For Sale.

One eight-horse steam engine and one eight-inch bar feed grinder, also one steel frame circular wood saw new last year. Price reasonable. Inquire at HERALD office or of

FRANK SCOTT.

## Horse Blankets.

This is the season for horse covers. We have a large line of good fitting horse blankets all of latest designs and newest fastenings. Call and get a supply for the winter.

DODD BROS.

## For Sale.

Forty acres, 2 miles from town all in cultivation, fenced, first class land, good buildings, clear title. Price \$1000; half cash, balance in one year.

W. D. PITCAIRN, Real Estate Agent Ponoka.

## Tenders.

Sealed tenders will be received at the office of the undersigned for furnishing 30 cords of sound dry poplar wood, 32 inches in length, delivered and ricked in basement of Ponoka public school building, the right to reject any and all bids reserved. Tenders will be received up to and including Nov. 15.

CLINTON C. REED, Secretary.

## Announcements, Invitations.

Among the new type faces just put in is included a couple of fonts of the latest in fancy scripts, especially adapted for wedding cards, invitations, announcements, etc. Try us for anything you need in this line.

WANTED - To buy a pair of farm horses, second hand wagon and harness. Address, with full particulars care of HERALD.

WANTED - A young man 18 to 25 years of age to do chores about a farm. For particulars call on Rivers, Leland Hotel, Ponoka.

\$1.00 per Day.

\$3.50 per Week.

## NEW ALBERTA HOUSE.

ADOLPH SHARY, Proprietor.

The Popular Stopping Place for Landseekers.

Ponoka, Alta.

## MONEY TO LOAN.

JOHN McKENTY, Representing

The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation.

The Best Company in America to do business with.

NO COMMISSION. NO DELAY. LEAST EXPENSE.

Communication invited.

Opposite McLeod's store.

JOHN McKENTY, REAL ESTATE

Financial Broker.

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER.

LACOMBE, Alta.

## FAIRY BANK STORE.

Has in stock at right prices

a full assortment of.....

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes.

No need driving to town for your supplies.

Highest Price Paid for

BUTTER AND EGGS.

W. J. EARL.

Special attention to commercial trade.

Rates \$1 to \$2 per day.

## THE ROYAL HOTEL

ANDERSON & DEA, Proprietors.

The bar is stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars. The cuisine is equal to the leading hotels in Alberta.

## W. R. Courtright & Son. Lumber Dealers.

MOLINE FARM IMPLEMENTS

Also represent the WAWANESA MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

W. E. TURNER & CO.

Dealers in

## Native and Coast Lumber.

SASH, DOORS, MOULDINGS, SHINGLES AND LATH.

PRICES AS LOW AS GOOD GOODS WILL ALLOW.

Ponoka, Alta.

## REAL ESTATE

WE transact all kinds of Real Estate Business.

Have the Largest List of land from which to select.

## Improved & Unimproved Farms

We sell on small commission, do our own business, and by fair dealing meet all competition.

List your land with us for we buy and sell. All correspondence answered.

Arnold & Christie.



# THE RED CAPE

By C. Langton Clarke

Copyright, 1901, by T. C. McClure

"Such an infernal nuisance!" said Jack Somerville as he sat in his easy chair nursing a sprained ankle and scowling at his friend, Dick Callender. "What did you let go of the ladder for?"

"Sorry, old man," said the other; "but it was as much your fault as mine."

"And I had promised my aunt to meet a girl, a cousin of mine, who is coming to stay with her. It's nearly traintime now. Look here! You will have to go instead of me."

"I?" cried Dick, aghast. "Why, I shouldn't know her if I saw her!"

"Neither should I," growled the other. "Haven't seen her for years; but she will be wearing a red cape, so my aunt says, and that ought to be enough to identify her—a tall, dark girl with a red cape. Now, don't stand gaping. You have no time to lose. Take her in a cab to my aunt's and then come back here."

He pulled out his watch again with an impatient gesture, and Dick, anxious to atone for his share in the accident, hurried away.

As he lounged about the platform waiting for the train to arrive he remembered that the young lady's name had not been mentioned, or, if it had, he had entirely forgotten it. "I'll stick to the red cape," he said to himself, "and I can't go far wrong."

When the train at last arrived, Dick moved slowly along the line of cars, keeping a watchful eye on the passengers as they alighted, and his vigilance was rewarded by the sight of a tall, dark young lady wearing a scarlet cape and carrying several parcels.

"I beg your pardon," Dick began, diffidently addressing her. "I have been commissioned to meet you and escort you to the house. Jack intended to come, but he has sprained his ankle."

The young lady looked greatly distressed. "Oh, I hope he is not much hurt!" she cried as she clasped her hands over her bundles. "Poor Jack! I suppose you are a great friend of his?"

"We are excellent friends," Dick replied. "My name is Richard Callender. It seems an absurd thing to say, but Jack quite forgot to mention your name to me."

"That's very odd," replied the girl. "And you say you are such a friend of his! My name is Mary Heatherstone. Do you mean to say you have never heard John speak of me?"

"Oh, of course! What a chump I am!" cried the young man, with the fatal readiness to avoid explanations which was one of his characteristics.

"Now, tell me all about Jack," Miss Heatherstone said after she had been comfortably established in a cab and the young man had seated himself by her side. "Does he seem quite happy?"

"First rate!" said Dick. "Particularly since he became engaged."

The young lady smiled and looked pleased. "He has had plenty of time to get used to that idea," she said.

"Oh, I don't know!" Dick replied. "Two weeks is not such a very long time, you know."

The smile faded from the girl's face. "Two weeks!" she cried. "Why, he has been engaged for two years!"

Dick laughed. "I suppose you are thinking of that other little affair," he said; "but, really, that never amounted to anything. This time it is for good and all. He met Gertrude Gould for the first time two months ago, and it was all settled a fortnight ago at the tennis club ball. Good heavens! What's the matter?" The girl had caught him by the wrist, and her face was deadly pale.

"You are not deceiving me?" she cried. "No, I see that you are not. I must go home again. Tell the cabman to drive back to the station. Quick! Do as I tell you!"

She was fumbling with the handle of the door and was altogether in such an excited state that Dick, who was greatly taken aback to find himself face to face with a tragedy, complied with her instructions.

"Can I not help you in some way?" he said at last, being greatly moved by the sight of the girl's evident misery.

"What would you think," she asked, rousing herself, "of a man who would let the girl to whom he had been engaged for two years and who had left her home, all happiness, to be married to him, hear from the lips of a stranger that he had been false to his plighted word?"

"I should say that he was a cad!" replied Dick fiercely, and Miss Heatherstone smiled wanly through her tears at his vehemence.

As they were entering the vestibule of the railway station Dick felt his arm seized by his companion and, following the direction of her eyes, saw a young stranger of pleasing appearance approaching them.

"You will protect me from insult, won't you?" the girl asked breathless-

ly, and Dick felt that he would be quite equal to the occasion, though the other man was the heavier by many pounds.

The stranger advanced, smiling, until well within the range of Miss Heatherstone's stony gaze, when he stopped short, and his outstretched hand fell back to his side.

"Molly!" he said in great surprise. "What is the meaning of this welcome?"

"Let me pass," replied the girl in the tones of a tragedy queen. "I have discovered your perfidy, and I am going home."

She pushed on, and the young man who had at first showed signs of an intention to block her progress, fell back.

"You are mad," he said, "and as for you, sir," addressing Dick, "I shall probably have a few words to say to you."

"When I have escorted this lady to the waiting room," replied Dick loftily, "I shall be happy to listen to anything you may have to say."

As soon as Dick and his charge had entered the waiting room Miss Heatherstone turned to him. "How nobly you ignored your former friendship," she said. "You spoke to him as if he were beneath your notice and a complete stranger."

"Why, so he is," replied Dick, considerably mystified. "I never saw the fellow before."

"Am I going crazy?" the girl cried, sinking into a chair. "Didn't you tell me that he sent you to meet me; that he had sprained his ankle? A nice excuse, indeed!"

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked Dick, bewildered. "Of Jack?"

"Yes! Yes! That man! Jack—my Jack!"

"But that isn't my Jack. My friend is at home, as I told you, with a sprained ankle. I don't understand it at all. Mr. Somerville asked me—"

"Mr. Somerville?" cried Miss Heatherstone, sitting bolt upright. "Is that the name of the gentleman who sent you?"

"Of course it is," Dick answered, almost testily. "He told me to look out for a tall, dark girl with a red cape, his cousin, and—"

"And you mistook me for her? Oh, I see it all! Oh, Jack, Jack, how I have wronged you!" And, to Dick's consternation, the young lady immediately went off into a fit of hysterics, which necessitated the summoning of the attendant and the removal of the sufferer into an inner room for the application of restoratives.

While Miss Heatherstone wrestled with her attack of nerves Dick, horrified at the result of his mistake, hastened out into the vestibule in search of the other victim and found him leaning gloomily against a pillar. At first the outraged swain refused to listen to any explanation and seemed strongly inclined to make a personal assault upon the innocent cause of the mischief, but Dick's remorse and agitation finally disarmed him, and when they parted at the door of the waiting room they shook hands with expressions of mutual esteem and thankfulness that the error had been discovered in time.

When Dick entered the room where his friend was still nursing his ankle, the latter regarded him with considerable interest.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost. Where is Mary?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "Don't know!" shouted the other. "And you with her cape on your arm!"

Then Dick, looking down, found that he was still carrying the cape which Miss Heatherstone had handed to him in the waiting room.

"Isn't that the cape?" continued Jack Somerville angrily.

Dick burst into a laugh that was half hysterical.

"It's a red cape all right," he said, "but—but it was the wrong Mary that was in it."

## Signals on 'Change.

On the floor of the Stock Exchange there has been in vogue for years and is still in use a mute system of language by which telegraph operators convey orders to brokers whom they represent. It is done by movement of the fingers, and the purpose of it is to hide the nature of orders from other brokers. The plan is after this fashion:

When a telegraph operator receives an order to transmit to a broker, he will raise his index finger if the order is to buy at an eighth; reverse it if the order is to sell. Should the operator want to indicate other fractions each additional finger raises the limit an eighth. The fist clinched and thumb uplifted tells the broker that three-quarters is meant. When it comes to seven-eighths, that fraction is made by forming a right angle with the thumb and first finger, and, finally, if the even figure is wanted a waving movement of the hand is used.

This is the system adopted by nearly every active broker in making transactions, but to prevent others from following up their orders some have an independent notation device and will communicate by signs which are known only to the operator and the broker directly concerned.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## The Modern Editorial.

An essay on "The Boston News-

pers" in the Bookman throws some light on the development of the modern editorial. The earlier newspapers had no editorials. Attempts to mold public opinion took the form of letters signed "Publius," "Junius" and like Latin names.

The writer in the Bookman claims for Boston the honor of originating the present editorial form. The Boston Daily Advertiser and Repository, the first successful Boston daily, was founded in 1813 and the next year passed into the hands of Nathan Hale, nephew of the spy of the Revolution. Hale began to substitute leading articles written in the office for those formerly furnished by the stalwart Romans—"Fabius," "Honestus," "Nov-Anglus," "Laco" and "Massachusetts-sis."

The fashion set by the Advertiser was widely copied and at length became general. Mr. Hale came to take such pride in his innovation that when distinguished men like Everett and Webster offered articles for use as editorials he insisted on printing them as communications. Only the staff men were allowed to write the regular editorial comment.

## Papa.

"When my father was your age," she complained, "he was drawing nearly twice as large a salary as you get."

"Well," he answered, "you must remember that in those days your father wasn't working for the stingy old curmudgeon who is employing me. That was before he had gone into business for himself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Excusable.



Hobo (to lady who gave him pie)—Yow will pardon me, mum, for returning the plate in this damaged condition, but in eating the pie I accidentally bit a piece out of the plate.—New York Journal.

## Not Quite Mobile.

"I came in to see you about my automobile."

"Isn't it all right?"

"Oh, yes; but I thought I'd like to ask you about how many weeks after I had begun to make repairs on it it would begin to move."—Detroit Free Press.

## Perversity of the Sex.

"Do you have your own way at home?"

"Yes."

"How do you manage it?"

"By making my wife think I don't want what I do want."—Chicago Post.

## Mary and the Meat Trust.

Mary had a little lamb, With mint sauce on the side; When Mary saw the meat trust's bill, It shocked her so she cried.

Mary had a little veal—A cutlet, nicely broiled. Her papa, to pay for that veal, All morning sorely toiled.

Mary had a little steak—A porterhouse, quite small— And when the bill came in she sighed, "No dress for the next fall!"

Mary had a little roast—As juicy as could be— And Mary's papa simply went Right into bankruptcy.

Mary isn't eating meat; She has a better plan: She vows it's bad like to be A vegetarian. —Baltimore American.

## The Nove. in Politics.

At first sight it seems remarkable that in the last sixty years we should have had not more than two score novels concerned with American politics and that of these not more than half a dozen should have dealt with the politician—by that word meaning all those who occupy public offices, control them or create them—in a fashion to challenge serious attention, says the Bookman. The timid or trifling manner in which the politician has often been approached suggests either complete ignorance of or indifference to the romantic possibilities of his career. For this neglect there is an explanation, of course, if not a good reason. In the case of the professional politician—the boss, ward worker, lobbyist or office-holder of the lower grade—the explanation is conveyed as nearly as can be by the word "unloveliness." The average professional politician neither in ideas, bearing nor appearance parades such qualities as invite admiration.

## True Consideration.

Visitor—Why do you have "Keep Off the Grass" notices all over this park? You don't seem to enforce the restriction.

Policeman—We do it so that people will the more thoroughly enjoy being on the grass.—Otago Evening Times.

## Fear.

Fear is said to be responsible for 90 per cent of disease contracted.

## Two Dry Spots.

Perhaps the two driest spots in the world are Yuma desert and Death valley, Arizona. The annual rainfall is less than five inches.

# EPH HOLLAND'S GUEST

By H. E. ARMSTRONG

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I had not seen a house for five miles, and the light of the short November day was falling. A searching north-east wind chilled me to the marrow. My horse had gone lame, and I was leading him. In these mountain solitudes a man is a fool to let himself be lost, but plainly I had taken the wrong fork. I had begun to despair when I came upon a clearing and in the midst an unpainted house and a huddle of barns. A figure in jeans was drawing water at the well, one of the old-fashioned kind with a sweep.

"Can I put up here for the night?" I shouted in my cheeriest accents. The figure turned and stared at me, but there was no reply. I saw before me an old man with straggling locks and a beard reaching to the waist. I repeated my question with a quaver, for the wild appearance of the old man and his singular silence disconcerted me. He drew a clawlike hand down the length of his beard, and his eyes seemed to bore me through and through, but still no word. With a curse for his incivility I turned away, and my horse hobbled after me with drooping head. Some impulse made me look back, and, lo, the old hermit—such I took him to be—was waving me to return. We retraced our weary steps willingly enough.

"A raw evening," said I to my host, with a desire to be sociable.

A jerk of the head, and it seemed to me that I caught a wintry gleam of hospitality in his eye, yet never a word he spoke, but took the horse by the bridle, pointing at the same time to the house. It was not an inviting place. The fire was almost at the last flicker. I sat down in one of the chairs, and it gave way under me. Somewhere in the uncertain light a leg rolled about. I recovered it, found the hole for it and tried the seat gingerly. In a little while my host staggered in with his arms full of wood, which he let fall on the hearth. I thought that I would let him speak first this time, but down he went on his knees and blew at the embers.

As the pine wood burst into flame and a ruddy light filled the room the old man lit an oil lamp. I then observed a shotgun on a rack over the mantelpiece and above the shotgun a rude chromo of Andrew Jackson in a gilt frame, the only ornament in the room. My strange host, having replaced the lamp chimney, stared at me, with hands on his hips. I did not like his scrutiny. His eyes were very large, with cavernous depths, and the balls twitched as from a nervous affection. I had an uncle once who thought he was the grand mogul, and he had just such eyes before they took him away to the asylum. Once his eyes were off me I fought back the shivers and said as carelessly as I could:

"Kind o' lonely up here," The effect on him, for his hearing seemed unimpaired, was to bring on a fit of twitching, and, what was worse and very horrible in a mute, the whole right side of his face moved violently up and down, as if he had lost control of his nerves. To hide his infirmity he turned his back on me and for awhile seemed to be going through a sort of spasm. The seizure passed off as quickly as it had come on, and he left the room.

Returning with a black saucepan, he wedged it in between the burning logs. He disappeared again, and I could hear him grinding coffee. The pot he placed on some side embers and then produced a loaf of bread and fell to eating off liberal slices. These he toasted on a long fork. I had expected nothing better than fried salt pork, and, lo, a savory rabbit stew steamed before me! At first I ate like a longshoreman. My host leaned against the wall and watched me. He would not eat. His eyes left my face only to fix on space behind me with a startled expression that made me turn in my seat several times. I began to shake as with cold, but I knew it was fright. The handle of the cup slipped from my trembling fingers, the hot coffee streamed over my legs, with difficulty I repressed a yell, and the cup smashed into fragments on the floor. The hermit's face worked fearfully, and I leaped up.

"I didn't mean to do it!" I cried.

The remark was supremely foolish, but I was terrified out of my wits. The effect on my host was extraordinary. He bolted out into the night so suddenly that his chair was thrown down. I determined not to remain longer as the guest of a madman. Before I could get out he confronted me on the threshold, and in his hollow eyes there was a resolution that I should stay. I succumbed when he waved me to a seat. Then he took down the shotgun from the rack, patted the breech lovingly, pressed the lever, fumbled in his coat pocket and ran two cartridges into the barrels. When he

snapped them into place, I thought my last hour had come, so set, grim and evil seemed his expression.

"That's a fine gun you have there," I said, with my heart in my throat, feeling that my only chance of life lay in getting possession of the shotgun.

"I'd like to examine it," said I, standing up and holding out my hands. It was a critical moment, and I remember that I shook as with a congestive chill.

The fierce old man held out the gun, and I grasped it, but before I could reverse it, my intention being to cover him and tell him to throw up his hands, he wrenched the piece from me, his eyes rolling wildly and his head inclined as if listening.

There was a sound without, the beat of a horse's hoof on the roadway. I broke past the lunatic and gained the wood shed behind him, slamming the door and putting my foot against it. Within reach was a small window. I shook the sash until it gave way, and I sent a cry for help out into the night. Was it heard? The horse was being urged up the bank, as if the rider were in hot haste.

I peered out.

What was my amazement when my host sallied forth, lump in hand! By its light I saw the horse pulled up and a ragamuffin of a boy hand him a paper, swing the horse's head round and plunge down the bank. Raising the lamp above his head, the old man read the paper. He read a second time, as if to make sure of the contents, and then, lifting his head like a hound when it bays, he uttered a series of yells that the ridge gave back with many reverberations. The next moment he was in the house, and the next outside with the leap of a spring-bok. A report followed. He had fired the gun. Bang! It went again. Rapidly reloading, he discharged both barrels and kept on firing until he had saluted the wilderness and the night eight times.

"Say, stranger, come out o' thar," he shouted at the wood shed. "I ain't a-goin' to hurt nary hair on yer head."

I came bewildered into the living room, my face dripping with perspiration. He seized me in his arms and hugged me until I gasped.

"Look at that!" he said, thrusting into my hands the paper the boy had brought.

I read:

Eph Holland, Head of Beaverkill Creek; Blaine concedes New York to Cleveland. He is elected beyond all doubt. Shake!

ED BARNES.

Editor Sullivan County Palladium.

And before I could say anything or ask any questions Eph Holland broke into a jig step, the while yelling like a Comanche.

"Likker up, you son o' a gun!" he roared at me, stopping from shortness of breath. He filled my glass and a tumbler for himself.

"Here's to Grover!" he said. "Drink 'er down."

I did not know what my politics was at that moment, but I drank, and the stuff sent the blood back to my heart.

"Don't you think it's up to you to explain?" said I, with a sickly smile, when he had drained his tumbler.

The old man dropped into a chair, threw back his head and guffawed until his mirth ended in a violent fit of coughing.

"Oh, my!" he began and went off into another explosion.

I did not laugh. The old fellow's manner had changed so completely, he had become so friendly, jovial and altogether human with the recovery of his speech, that I recalled my error of him with shamefaced feeling.

"I thought you were a mute, and—yes—crazy," I faltered.

"And that I wanted yer scalp," said the old man, wiping tears from his eyes. "Tut, great Betty, I can't blame you. Well, stranger, it was this way: I was very much worked up about the election; hadn't spoke a word since Tilden was beat in 1876; vowed I never would till a Democrat was elected. That was eight years ago."

"How about your hair and beard?" I asked, getting interested.

"Them was to grow," said Mr. Holland. "A right smart crop o' hair can be raised in eight years, and I ain't very pretty nohow. When you come 'long here last night, I didn't want to take you in—that's a fact—knowin' as how I couldn't talk yet. But I hated to turn man and beast away. It was mighty uncomfortable for you, warn't it?"

"Well, rather," said I, drawing a deep breath.

"Dunno what'd ha' happened"—the old villain's grin bespoke enjoyment of the fright he had inspired—"if the boy hadn't come 'long with Ed Barnes' rippin' good news. But s'pose you could have crawled out o' the wood shed window when I warn't lookin'."

He chuckled and filled my glass again and his own.

Then we talked politics and drank more whiskey until a cock crew at the rising of the moon, which was 2 o'clock.

Eph Holland's step was unsteady when he piloted me up his crazy stairs to bed, and he stumbled down with a falsetto whoop for Grover which was eloquent of his condition.

## The Table Knife.

The knife, though very old, had not come into common use as a table utensil in the tenth century.



# Breath of Scandal

By ELIAS LISLE

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Young Mrs. Verrell leaned on the rail of the yacht and looked with disappointed surprise at the approaching dingey.

"There are only Hugh and your cousin in the boat," she announced to her guest. "Mr. Cuthbert isn't there. I'm so sorry."

Her intonation implied that the sorrow was sympathetic rather than personal. Sibyl Bench resented it.

"You needn't be, Helen," she said, the curve of her lips straightening firmly.

"Why, I invited him to come, particularly on your account."

"And I wanted him not to, particularly on my account," said the girl.

"Why, Sibyl, dear, I thought you were such great friends or even more."

"So did I." There was a suspicion of tears in the bright eyes the girl turned to her friend. "So did I until—until he disgraced himself. Oh, you'll know all about it soon enough any way. I may as well show you now."

She held out a clipping from a weekly publication which makes a business of purveying social sewage to its readers.

"It came to me in the mail—anonymous, of course," she said.

Mrs. Verrell took it with an expression of distaste.

"You wouldn't believe anything that wretched paper says, I hope," she observed. "Whenever I read it I feel as if I needed a bath to get clean again."

"The Era had a little notice, too, saying that Sid—Mr. Cuthbert—was there, and that he was reliable enough. I only wish it weren't."

With pressed lips and frowning brow Mrs. Verrell ran over the clippings. It was a comment, less veiled than is common with that paper, upon the presence of Sidney Cuthbert at the funeral of a woman who had once been well known in that dim border of the theatrical profession where people of a more dubious world claim habitation.

"It will strengthen Mr. Cuthbert's reputation for generosity among his club and society friends," commented the paragraph, "that he should have borne the expense of the funeral from his own pocket. The woman who was once known as Viola Trevannion was buried beside her son, whose death two years ago was also the occasion of a burst of mortuary generosity on the part of young Cuthbert."

"Isn't that a nice thing to read about a man you had thought you could—could at least respect?" said the girl bitterly.

"I don't believe it about Mr. Cuthbert," began the other indignantly when the two men came over the rail.

After Verrell and young Dr. Dent had greeted the two women the latter turned to his cousin and said:

"Did I hear you speaking about Sidney Cuthbert, Beauty?"

"You may have if you were listening," said the girl. "And I do wish, Harvey, that you would drop that childish nickname. I've outgrown it."

"Well, I don't know about your outgrowing it," said Dent, looking at her flushed cheeks and shining eyes, "but you certainly haven't outgrown your childish—beg pardon—your childhood temper. But of course I'll drop it. Sib, if you don't like it," he added good naturedly. "But I was interested in Sidney Cuthbert because I used to know him when he was Typh 7 and I was house in Sawgums."

"What's Sawgums?" asked Verrell lazily from his deck chair. "Lunatic asylum? And was Cuthbert one of the numbered patients and you another? I understood you to say you were a house. Singular delusion."

"Sawgums is short for St. Augustine's hospital, where I disported myself as house physician when Cuthbert became typhoid case No. 7," explained the young physician. "As all the private rooms were full he had to go into the public ward and live at \$1 per day between a profane and asthmatic car driver and a charity convalescent."

"Very good lesson in economy," observed Verrell virtuously.

"He couldn't give many dinner parties and send the kind of flowers he used to favor Sibyl with on that basis. Helen, if my feet are in your way I'll have 'em moved," he concluded, blissfully unconscious of his wife's savage glances. "Did Cuthbert like it, Dent?"

"Seemed to enjoy it tolerably after he got convalescent. He got up quite a friendship with another patient known as Tommy the Cod, presumably because he lived in an empty fish box down Fulton market way."

"Don't remember having heard Cuthbert speak of the gentleman," murmured Verrell. "Did he ever bring him to call, Sibyl? Helen, if you kick the only husband you're ever likely to have on the shins he'll rise up and desert you."

"The Cod's real name, as near as he

could tell, was Hannigan," continued the physician. "Cuthbert's previous acquaintance with him was purely a business one. Tommy used to sell Cuthbert evening papers on Wall street until one day a truck ran over his ankle, and when we got him here we found he had a very interesting case of heart disease, so we kept him. Well, the Cod used to give Cuthbert all the news about the street that he got from his friends who used to visit him. It meant a good deal to Cuthbert, for he was keeping his illness a secret for fear it would bring his mother back from Newport and consequently didn't have any callers of his own. Tommy generously loaned him his visitors, and one day the superintendent, a pious old party, came in unannounced and caught them shooting craps on Cuthbert's cot. They had made dice out of lump sugar, and Cuthbert had won 8 cents, when old Barber raided the game. After that the two pals were more cautious. One other visitor the Cod had was a woman who said she was his cousin, but Tommy had other ideas. Certain acquaintances of hers had told Tommy that she was his mother. At any rate, she had 'treated him white,' as he informed me, on several occasions and had 'staked' him to a much needed dollar more than once when he was 'up ag'in it.'"

"In those days we had a night orderly in our ward whom I always meant to poison, but somehow I never got time. He wound up a career of blunders one night by dropping a night lamp into a screen, and two minutes later he dropped the job of fighting the fire and hustled to save our cases. Just as we were congratulating ourselves that all were safely out Tommy the Cod seized the night nurse by the neck and yelled:

"Where's my pal? Where's Typh 7?"

"In the inner passage," said the nurse, turning white. "They must have taken him out the other way."

"The first I heard of it was when the nurse came crying to me."

"I tried to stop him, sirs, the little heart case No. 15, but he broke away from me and ran back into the ward. He thinks Typh 7 is in there."

"I thought so, too, and ran for the entrance, and as I reached it a wall of black smoke rolled out upon me, somewhere back of which rose the voice of Tommy the Cod, who was exhorting his pal, and the rattle of a wheeled chair."

"Keep yer head down, buddy. Air's fresher near de floor. Dere's de door ahead! Blast de chair! It's stuck!"

"Never mind me, old man," I heard Cuthbert say. "Make a run for it. You can send back after me."

"Not on yer life," began Tommy, but the brave words ended in a pitiful, strangling cough.

"Groping blindly, I stumbled upon the chair and with a rush brought my two patients out into the hall. Tommy keeled over, and we got him to open air unconscious. When he came to, his first words were:

"Did yer get my pal?"

"I'm right here, Tommy," said Cuthbert, catching the boy's hand in his own.

"Dat's all right, den," said the Cod contentedly. "But I guess I'm done. Dey always told me inhalin' wasn't good for kids," he added, with a faint grin.

Cuthbert looked up at me appealingly, but I had to shake my head. Tommy's diagnosis was correct. Cuthbert climbed out of his chair—against my orders—and bent over Tommy.

"Little pal," he said, "you saved my life."

"Tommy waved the matter away airily. 'Dat's all right. It was up to me. Between pals, yer know, yer'd have done de same trick for me.'"

"God knows, I'd have tried. And now there's nothing I can do," said Cuthbert, his voice breaking. "Isn't there anything, Tommy? Haven't you got any relations or friends I could help? I'm rich, you know."

"G'wan," said Tommy faintly. "Is dat right? I thought yer was a charity patient." He pondered for a moment. "There's dat fluffy haired loidy dat came to see me last week. She was pretty white to me. You might kinder look out for her a bit. Dey said she was me old woman, but I dunno. Wot's de difference?" said Tommy the Cod wearily. "She was white to me any way." And Tommy said no more.

"Cuthbert buried Tommy in style. I went to the funeral—professional interest, you know. Well, Cuthbert has been paying his debt to Tommy ever since, looking after the 'fluffy haired loidy,' as Tommy called her. She called herself Trevannion, I believe, on the stage."

"Trevannion," interrupted Sibyl Bench—"Viola Trevannion?"

"Why, do you know her?" asked her cousin in surprise.

"Yes—no; never mind," said Sibyl tremulously. "Harvey, I want you to go ashore and telegraph Mr. Cuthbert that we—that I am expecting him and sign my name. You needn't stare so," she added indignantly. Then she turned and hurried below.

"Well, upon my soul!" mused Dent as he went over the side to send the message. "I must have done that uncommonly well."

**Roquefort and Its Cheese.**  
Cheese, which has been the fortune

of Roquefort, has destroyed its picturesque. It has brought speculators there who have raised greatly, square buildings of dazzling whiteness in harsh contrast with the character and somber tone of the old houses. Although the place is so small that it consists of only one street and a few alleys, the more ancient dwellings are remarkable for their height. It is surprising to see in a village lost among the sterile hills houses three stories high. The fact that there is only a ledge on which to build must be the explanation. What is most curious in the place is the cellars.

Before the cheese became an important article of commerce these were natural caverns, such as are everywhere to be found in this calcareous formation, but now they are really cellars that have been excavated to such a depth in the rock that they are to be seen in as many as five stages, where long rows of cheeses are stacked one over the other. The virtue of these cellars from the cheesemaking point of view is their dryness and their scarcely varying temperature of about 8 degrees centigrade summer and winter.—Temple Bar.

## BROTHER GARDNER.

Some Philosophy by the President of the Blue Hills Club.  
(Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.)

I RECKON dat people will keep on lyvin' an' marryin' far de next million y'ars, an' I reckon dey will also keep on wishin' dey hadn't done it.

I ain't carryin' no rabbit's foot aroun' fur luck. De one I had got me into jail an' it was a crowbar instead dat got me out ag'in.

It appears to me dat de only man who expects to be strictly honest an' de feller who is calculatin' to git de best of me.

De passon who starts out in dis world wid de idea dat he ain't gwine to make a fool of himself about once in ebery six months has got heaps of surprise parties waitin' long de road fur him.

I hain't got no sort of use fur a liar, but I nebber sit down an' hev a good think by myself widout comin' to de conclusion dat half my troubles hev come from speakin' de truth too often.

I hev tried to figger out how an alderman on a salary of \$250 a y'ar kin save \$5,000 in twelve months, while I earn \$520 a y'ar and don't come out even, but it's beyond me. Dar seems to be some things natur' didn't intend fur us to find out.

I left my church becase none of de rest of de congregation believed as I did 'bout Dan' in de lions' den, and I jined up wid another to diskliver dat I didn't agree wid none of de rest of 'em 'bout Moses in de bush.

I long ago disklivered dat de man who thinks as I do am a good feller an' ought to be mo' fully appreciated by de world at large, while de man who differs wid me am a crank an' de world would be better rid of him.

I used to be guided a good deal by dreams, but as time went on I found dat gittin' to work at seven o'clock in de mornin' brought in mo' taters an' bacon dan dreamin' all night 'bout white cats bein' chased around by black dawgs. I hold dat one peck of turnips will go furdur dan two nightmares.

M. QUAD.

**Beer Drinking in Egypt.**  
For continuous beer drinking, so to speak, Egypt holds the record among nations. In Egypt beer has been drunk for 5,000 years, and the "dusa" or the fellows of today is made by a process almost identical with that described by Herodotus, mentioned in hieroglyphs and depicted in sculpture as old as 3000 B. C.

**Sincerity.**  
Clerk—I would like to get off early, sir, as my wife wants me to do some odd jobs around the house while it is light enough.

Manager—Can't possibly do it.  
Clerk—Thank you, sir. You are very kind.

**Flesh Eating Plants.**  
There are at least a hundred varieties of flesh eating plants in the world, but only three are common in Great Britain. They are the sundew, butterwort and bladderwort.

**Sharks.**  
Sharks as a rule keep near to the surface of the water.

**Wages in Spain.**  
In Spain a man who works on a farm receives about 25 cents. In the vineyards wages range from 14 cents a day for women and boys to 21 cents for unskilled men and to 42 or 56 cents for those upon whose skill the whole responsibility of the raisin crop rests.

**A Vatican Treasure.**  
Only one marble statue of the human figure with eyeglasses is known. It is one of the gems of the Vatican, "The Sleeping Ariadne," and was discovered in 1543.

## THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Fresh Supply of Gossip From the Den of a Busy Editor.  
(Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.)

IT seemed like old times yesterday when the stage rolled in and a traveler with a plug hat on sat beside the driver. Twenty-one guns fusilladed that hat with hot lead, and the owner of it won't get the color back into his face for a week.

News came to us the other evening that Pete Taylor, a shyster lawyer, was hunting for us with a gun. We buckled on our own and set out, and it wasn't half an hour before we found Pete. He at once held out his hand, and we smiled and held out ours, and the meeting was really an affecting one.

We were too busy to see Jim Eldridge when he sent in his card the other day and announced that he had called to



HE BANGED TWELVE BULLETS INTO OUR SANCTUM DOOR.

shoot us, and he banged twelve bullets into our sanctum door and went away much disappointed. We do not mean to disappoint such callers, nor even to delay them, but there are times when editorial work must take the preference of all others.

The city treasurer of Blue Hills was found to be a defaulter in the sum of \$750 the other day, and for a few hours it looked as if he would be lynched. It seems like a small sum to raise such a row about, but we understand that there was only one other dollar in the town. At last accounts the treasurer was playing poker and betting his boots in hopes to get a winning hand.

M. QUAD.

## Lost a Customer.

Mrs. Blank, who keeps summer boarders, had bought her butter for some months of a neighbor named Jones, living not far distant. The butter was made into pretty little half pound pats and so peculiarly marked and ornamented that one day, when little Sally Jones had brought the butter as usual, Mrs. Blank said to her in the presence of several of her boarders:

"How does your mother make all these strange marks on the butter, Sally?"

"Oh, she does that with her false teeth, ma'am," was the frank and paralyzing reply.—Lippincott's.

## No Occasion For It.

When at last a physician came and settled among them, the people wondered.

"Nobody is ever sick here," they said. "Of course not, with no medical assistance at hand," said the doctor, smiling at their simplicity in spite of his determination to be courteous.—Life.

## Misanthropic.

"It is a blessing," said the patriot, "to live under a system which makes imprisonment for debt impossible."

"I don't know about that," answered Mr. Dunbrowne. "It might be some satisfaction to a man to feel that he was safely housed where his creditors couldn't get at him."—Washington Star.

## A Natural Question.

Mrs. Hoon (in the midst of her reading)—Ah, Mrs. Congressman Swackhammer has started a crusade against décollete gowns.

Mr. Hoon—H'm! Is Mrs. Congressman Swackhammer sensible or skinny?—Smart Set.

## The Broad Arrow.

In England the broad arrow is the recognized symbol with which the government property, including army wagons, mules, provision bags and the garments of convicts, is regularly stamped.

## New Tinware.

If the seams of a new tin pail are well greased with fresh lard or sweet oil and the pail set on a stove shelf or other warm place twenty-four hours before it is washed, it will not rust afterward.

## Cheese Omelet.

To make a cheese omelet beat four eggs a little, add four tablespoonfuls of milk, a pinch of salt, a dash of pepper, one-fourth cup of grated cheese. Cook in hot buttered pan over slow fire, fold in half and turn out on a hot platter.

## Russian Maturity.

A Russian does not become of age until he is twenty-six.

## ODD KETTLE HOLDER.

A Picturesque Affair in Imitation of a Parrot.

Materials: Pieces of velvet of two contrasting colors, white cotton flannel or ticking for lining, some rather coarse crewel silk and boot buttons.

These are very easy to make and sell capitally at bazaars.

The head and body parts are cut separately, and in cutting the former turnings must be allowed all around. The illustration shows you exactly what shape the pieces should be.

Fold a piece of velvet for the body part and lay your pattern on it, so that



PRETTY POLLY KETTLE HOLDER.

the fold will come in the center of the back. Cut a piece of ticking the same size for lining. Embroider the piece of velvet in stem stitch with any color you like, curving the lines, as shown in the illustration. Lay velvet and lining together, cut an inch wide piece of velvet of the contrasting color, run round on the outside, turn over and hem neatly on the inside.

Cut two pieces of the same color of the crossway strip for the head, allowing for turnings. Join together all round except the lower edge, stuff with odd bits of rags, join across and sew in the buttons for eyes. Surround the buttons with outstanding stitches of the crewel silk and make a topknot by sewing over and over the top with the same silk.

## An Invaluable Medicine.

No household where there are children should be without olive oil, for it is an invaluable medicine in certain cases. For a weakly child or one who is recovering from typhoid fever salad oil will sometimes work wonders. The plan is to rub in the oil over the whole of the child's body, especially about the upper part, taking a few drops at a time in the palm of the hand. The nourishment thus absorbed through the skin will be of immense service in building up the child's strength. When a child is suffering from a severe cold, it is a good plan to omit the daily bath and to rub the back and chest with olive oil. To insure no further cold the child should be wrapped in a blanket and carefully screened from drafts while the rubbing is being done. A threatening of croup often will end in a threatening only if oil and camphor be applied to the child's chest. The method is to saturate a piece of flannel, sprinkle it with a little powdered camphor, and apply it to the chest and throat as warm as it can be borne. Cover with a piece of dry flannel and change as soon as it gets cold.

## Judge Not Too Quickly.

A mother whose temper is impulsive should never trust her first hasty judgment in the management of her little ones.

In the larger affairs of the neighborhood and of society the prudent person refuses to judge hastily. He gives the benefit of the doubt wherever and whenever and to whomsoever he can. People have a right to ask that before they are weighed in the balances and found wanting their cases shall be looked at from all sides and from the most favorable point of view. It is not well to assume that blushes and down dropped eyes always indicate guilt. Innocence falsely accused is often ashamed to look its accuser in the face. Judge not, that ye be not judged, was said by the purest lips that ever spoke on earth.

## Dinner Neighbors.

Dinner neighbors on the right hand and on the left, even if they have been previously introduced, are equally difficult to approach with an apposite remark, and if they have not been introduced, but are merely brought into juxtaposition for the time being, the situation is still more acute. There is a doubt, moreover, in the minds of many as to whether they are privileged to talk to these same neighbors, but this doubt need not exist; they are quite at liberty, according to etiquette, to make themselves agreeable to their dinner neighbors if they can.

## Scotland.

Scotland bore the name of Caledonia, literally the hilly country of the Celts, or Galls. The word Gael, or Gael, is a corruption of Gadhel, signifying in the native tongue "a hidden rover," while Scot, derived from the native Sculte, means a wanderer.

## Plants and Poison.

In the course of a recent lecture a scientist stated that plants are susceptible to poisons in the same degree as are human beings. He had administered chloroform to plants, which after a continued application had gradually drooped and died.



## A GIRL OF GRIT.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Copyright by R. F. Fenne & Co.

"They are so strange that no one would believe him on oath unless he could back them up by the papers themselves. I don't mind telling you that much."

"Then I guess you must have them, only I don't see a way short of lifting them from the man's stateroom, and that sort of thing has an ugly name—if it's found out."

"It would be theft—for you, not me. They are mine or my employer's, and I tell you I should not hesitate to take them openly or secretly, to fight over them if I could get anywhere within reach."

"Reckon, captain, you'll be likely to qualify, too, for state's prison," said Mr. Rossiter, laughing.

I had been promised news of Frida by my new friend Rossiter. But day followed day, and yet he had nothing to tell me. It was always the same story: "Missy's still under the weather. Like the rest of the women folk. Not able to leave her stateroom. Stewardess thinks she'll be laid by till we make Sandy Hook. But I'll let you know soon as I hear."

At last, on the fourth day at sea, a superb day, fresh and sunny, my dear girl made her appearance on deck, and, as I was ever on the watch, I saw her from my distant second class station long before Rossiter came with his report. Indeed he was too busy, good soul, in seeing to her wants and dancing attendance upon her to think very much of me. When he did appear, it was only to get Roy. "Missy was mad to see the dog." There was not a word about me.

When he returned, it was with rather a scared face.

"All the fat is in the fire! The duchess has read your name on the dog's collar!"

"And guesses I am on board?"

"I don't say that, not yet anyway, but they're likely to ferret it out pretty slick unless you cache down below for the rest of the run."

"I shall not hide, my friend, not till I've seen and talked with Miss Fairholme, and that I'm going to do with or without your help or leave."

"Right now?"

"Right now, over there on the poop deck. In the face of them all. I can pay for a first class passage, and I'll do it under another name."

"So as to call attention to yourself and bring those toughs on top of you again—spoil all your hand."

"What can they do to me? And if they chose to try I'm man enough to meet them. I'm not afraid of anything straight and aboveboard."

"That's just what it wouldn't be. If you come out now, you will be playing their game—will put them on their guard anyhow. Don't be wrong headed, captain, and wait, won't you?"

"How long? This is the fourth day out—Wednesday. We shall make port by Saturday, at latest, and then what am I to do?"

"See here, captain. I'll bring Miss Fairholme to you my own self this evening about dusk, or you to her. How's that for high? There's a snug spot right aft over the steering gear—just room for two, if they're fond of each other!"

I did not know whether to be angry with him or not, but I began to see the force of his argument, and I agreed eventually to wait, as he advised.

"Have you told her I am here? If not, I think—you will understand—I should prefer!"

"A nod's as good as a wink, captain. Never a word has she got from me as to your being on board, and she shan't. Whether she has any suspicion of it or not I cannot say. But I don't know why she should, and if she did cart ropes wouldn't hold her, I reckon. But maybe I am minking too free."

I am not ashamed to confess that for the rest of that day, so long as Frida kept the deck, I staid in the place from which I could best see her, and I borrowed a pair of glasses from Rossiter to spy the better on her beautiful face. I saw that many emotions agitated it in turn. It was wistful, expectant, sad, downcast, now flushing bright with some vague hope, now tender with soft memories, with thoughts of me, as I was concealed enough to believe, and rightly, to judge by the glad welcome she gave me when I was once more by her side.

How the time passed I cannot say. We sat there hand in hand gazing out across the long track of the steamer as it sparkled and foamed under the moonlight and taking no thought of it, of why we were there, what might be in store for us or what I should do next. We should have sat on far into the night, I believe, perfectly unconscious and unconcerned, except for ourselves, had not a tall figure suddenly thrown its shadow over us, and we were addressed in a low, nervous female voice:

"Pardon me, but I knew I could not be mistaken. It's Captain Wood!"

The Duchess of Tierra Sagrada!

"I could not rest till I had spoken to you," she went on hurriedly. "Yet I felt de trop. I did not like to disturb

you, to interrupt you. May I ask one word? You escaped?"

"As you see, duchess—uninjured, too, except for the discomfort and rough handling. You shall hear the whole story some day."

"I would gladly have spared you this suffering from the very first. I tried hard, I did indeed, even that first night in the opera box, and afterward I would have warned you, but I dared not be more precise. Again, in that terrible house I was on your side."

"Indeed, duchess," broke in Frida, "you have made us your friends. We are grateful, and we will show it yet, I hope."

"But why are you here?" went on the other woman impatiently. "How did you come? I have never seen you during the voyage nor have the others. It is fortunate. They would certainly try to do you an injury."

"They have done so already—an injury that may be irreparable. They have robbed me."

"Yes, yes, that I know," she said, "but it will be a small matter, and you would have your redress. You could protect yourself against worse, now you are free. If you were only careful. I cannot think why you should risk so much now. You are within their reach again."

I laughed. "That has never weighed with me, nor do I care for the money. It is my honor that is at stake, duchess. I must recover certain papers that you—your people have stolen or I shall be eternally disgraced."

"Papers? Are they yours? I have heard of them. State papers, belonging to your government and worth a fortune to any one who will give them to ours. You are concerned?"

"Closely. I would give a large sum—any sum—to get them back."

"I need no bribes, Captain Wood." She spoke with dignity. "You cannot mean to offer me money surely! I have not fallen so low as that, I hope. I am ready to make restitution. It is the least I can do for you. You shall have the papers. I will fetch them."

"You are a good woman. I feel for you, indeed I do," Frida said as she staid her for a moment with a gesture as though to kiss her, but the duchess brushed past and hurried away.

"Yes, she is a good woman," I repeated, echoing Frida, only to find that the remark was not exactly pleasing to her.

"I do not quite see why she is so much interested in you, and I shall want to know more about that."

But why need I set down in words the gleeful badinage of a pair of silly lovers? And it was ended abruptly when the duchess returned.

"Here, take them, if they are yours. I leave that to your honor. I knew where he kept them, and I have secured them—no matter how."

A single glance under the nearest electric light satisfied me that these were the missing papers. They were still in their official "jacket," a broad band of bright green paper, on which was printed the label, "Strictly confidential."

"Be on your guard, I implore you," she went on. "There may be trouble about them. If your identity is discovered, they will suspect you, and it will be another reason to attack you. Put them by. Lock them up securely."

"Let me have them," interposed Frida. "No one would think of making me up with the business, and I'm not afraid of anything they can do to me."

"You shall run no such risk, Frida." "It is entirely my affair. I came for them. I have got them, and I will keep them against all comers. In the last resort I would throw them overboard. They are of no actual value except in the wrong hands. We have copies of them."

It was so settled, and the party broke up. I was the last to leave the stern, having given my dear girl a rendezvous in the same place at the same time the next evening. But as I passed along the now deserted deck, making for the companion ladder that led to my second class quarters, I was met by a quartermaster in the full light of an electric lamp, who hailed me roughly.

"Hello, my hearty! Vast heaving and run alongside. What brings you

and run alongside. What brings you

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## WASTING AWAY

### THE SAD CONDITION OF MANY YOUNG GIRLS.

Mothers Should Be Very Careful When Their Daughters Complain of Headache, Fickle Appetite, Dizziness or Heart Palpitation.

Many mothers neglect the health of their growing daughters. Not willfully, of course, but because they think the occasional headaches from which they suffer, fickleness of appetite, and pale cheeks, are the natural result of the merging of girlhood into womanhood. This is a serious mistake. There is no period in a girl's life when she needs more attention, and unless the little troubles are successfully treated, more serious ones—perhaps decline and consumption—are sure to follow. What every young girl needs at this period is a tonic medicine that will give her a rich, red blood, strong nerves and bring her safely through a critical period in her life. For this purpose there is no other medicine in the world can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thousands of girls throughout Canada owe their present health and happiness to this medicine, and thousands of others who are suffering would soon be strong if they would give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. Among the many young ladies who have proved the great worth of this medicine is Miss Jessie Beamer, of Boyle, Ont. Miss Beamer says: "Some years ago I became very ill, and my friends feared I was going in to a decline. I was pale; suffered from terrible headaches; my appetite was poor and I grew very thin. I became so weak that I could hardly walk. I remained in this condition for several months, during which time I tried several medicines, but none helped me in the least. Then my mother got me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and almost from the outset they helped me. As I continued the use of the Pills, the severe headaches left me; my appetite returned and I gained in weight. In fact, I was soon enjoying perfect health, and have since continued to do so. I attribute this entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will be glad if some other weak and ailing girl will profit by my experience."

Pale and sallow cheeks, dizziness, headaches, palpitation of the heart, and the feeling of weariness that afflicts so many young girls will soon disappear if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are used. These pills also cure rheumatism, dyspepsia, kidney ailments, St. Vitus' dance, and the other troubles that come from poor blood and weak nerves. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Petroleum is derived from vegetable and animal substances that were deposited in and associated with the forming of rocks.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state or morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy vital functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

In chasing the ideal one often succeeds in catching up with the material.

Some men never give up until after they break down.

Some women are good looking until after they find it out.

### ST. JACOBS OIL

For Stiff and Swollen Necks.

Mr. Hooper, 57 Grosvenor street, Belfast, writes:—"Having from a cold got a very stiff and painful swollen neck, I tried all the usual remedies without effect. I was almost giving it up, when a book was placed on my counter describing St. Jacobs Oil. I procured a bottle, and had scarcely rubbed it on my neck when I felt better. In a short time the pain left me and the swelling went down. Finding it so good in this case, I then tried it on my ankle, which I had sprained, and which was frequently very painful. I soon had the pleasure of finding that pain also disappear. I must say I consider St. Jacobs Oil of great value."

"Here, take them, if they are yours. I leave that to your honor."

In these waters? You've no right here aft, and you know it. I am going to bring you in front of the officer of the watch. He wants you."

"If he does, he knows where to find me—in the second saloon forward."

(To be Continued.)



### One of Fenne's Heroes.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., presided recently at the "Shire Cheese," Fleet Street, at a dinner given by the press in honor of Captain Freeman, of the Rodam, the hero of the Martinique disaster. In proposing the guest's health he observed that the story of Captain Freeman had been told often, but he could promise him that it was a story that would be told much oftener in the future, and that long after he and they had passed away future generations of men and women and boys and girls would be thrilled when that story was told. There were some deeds that never die, and the deed of Captain Freeman was one of them. There was a courage which was more valuable than any other kind of courage. It was called by Napoleon "Two o'clock in the morning courage," by which he meant the courage of a man who was brought face to face with an emergency without a second's preparation, and whose skill and presence of mind rose to the emergency. Was ever a man face to face more suddenly with a more tragic and terrible emergency than Captain Freeman? He was a man who descended into hell, and saw all its terrors and its horrors, and yet he was able to look on that awful spectacle. But he did not quail, even before hell on earth, and standing on the bridge of his vessel carried that vessel through an ocean of flame, forgetting his own sufferings, forgetting his own peril, thinking mechanically and automatically, with the simplicity of true heroism, that his duty was to guide his vessel and bring out it and his crew, so far as he could, safe in the harbor, from the ocean of fire. He saluted Captain Freeman as one of Peace's finest heroes, as a man who brought his ship and his crew through fire and through tempest, and in doing so displayed a bravery which would make his name immortal, as long as there were human beings to be stirred by tales of such sacrifice and heroism.

### Fall Calving of Cows.

The general rule is for spring calving, but the best time is the fall. There are many reasons in support of this statement. A great many experiments have been carried on during a number of years in various parts of the world, and these all go to show that from fall calving cows about 25 per cent. more milk is obtained than from spring calving. The reasons are obvious. During the winter the cow is free from drouth, heat and flies, and her yield is thus not affected, when right in the flush of the milk as it is too often the case. Then the spring grass coming toward the close of her period of lactation serves as an inspiration to her wearying powers and greatly increases the wanning milk flow.

Milk and butter usually bring better prices in winter than in summer. There is usually more time on the farm to attend to the cattle, calves are more economically raised, since by the time the spring grass shoots up they are ready for it, and are in good condition the next winter to begin their duties. Midsummer and "dog days" are a good time for the cow to be dry; stabling is uncomfortable and the handling and care of milk is more troublesome than at any other time. In short four fall-fresh cows have been found to equal five which calved in the spring, in twelve months' product, and at about four-fifths the cost.—Up-to-date Farming.

### Equality of Rights.

If the ladies have been enjoying the sweets of emancipation in Australia and New Zealand for some time and have been allowed to become Parliamentary voters, barristers, stock brokers, insurance agents and cab-drivers, they are beginning to realize that independence is not without its bitters as well. Equality of rights cannot be separated from equality of responsibilities and penalties. Melbourne papers report a case in which a lady named Frederika List was called upon to show cause why she should not contribute to the support of her husband. The latter was an old age pensioner to the extent of six shillings a week, and it was proved that his wife was a landowner in her own right. She was ordered by the court to pay a further six shillings per week for her husband's maintenance.

### Boy King Has 5,000,000 Subjects.

The British Government has recently accorded the title of highness to the 7-year-old King of Uganda, a little African chieftain, whose territory is now part of a British protectorate. He is a grandson of the celebrated Mutassa, and descendant of a long line of kings, but has never been far away from Mengo, the native capital of Uganda, where he was born. The territory over which the King or "Kabaka," rules, is nearly 20,000 square miles in extent, and has a native population of between one and two million people.

### South African War Dates.

In reply to a correspondent it may be stated that the South African war formally commenced on October 11, 1899, and formally ended on May 31, 1902. Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking were besieged by the Boers and were relieved by the British on February 28, 1900, February 16, 1900, and May 24, 1900, respectively. Among the principal towns captured by the British were Bloemfontein, March 12; Kroonstad, May 12; Johannesburg, May 31, and Pretoria, June 5, all in 1900.

## Blood will tell



When an animal is all run down, has a rough coat and a tight hide, anyone knows that his blood is out of order. To keep an animal economically he must be in good health.

### DICK'S BLOOD PURIFIER

is a necessity where the best results from feeding would be obtained. It tones up the system, rids the stomach of bots, worms and other parasites that suck the life blood away.

Nothing like Dick's powder for a run down horse.

50 cents a package.

Leeming, Miles & Co., Agents, MONTREAL.

Write for Book on Cattle and Horses free.

If brevity is the soul of wit some of our modern jokesmiths must be soulless

### BABY'S FIRST TOOTH

A Family Event That Does Not Always Bring Unmixed Joy.

Baby's first tooth does not come unannounced. Inflamed gums and impaired digestion produce a feverish and fretful condition about which the mother often feels concern. The baby boy of Mrs. George McGregor, of Hamilton, Ont., was troubled with diarrhoea while teething and was cross and restless. He did not sleep well and matters became serious. The mother writes as follows: "My sister had used Baby's Own Tablets for her baby and advised me to try them. I got a box and after giving the Tablets to the baby a few times he began to improve and was soon well. He is now a big, healthy baby, and whenever he gets fretful or does not feel well I give him a tablet and he is soon all right again."

Baby's Own Tablets replace with great advantage castor oil and other nauseous, griping drugs. They sweeten the stomach, quiet the nerves and promote healthful sleep. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate and to be absolutely harmless. If your druggist does not keep them you can obtain a full-sized box by mail, post paid, by sending 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Think of it! A trolley car runs through the streets of Jerusalem!

A ship-chandler in Front street, Brooklyn, bears the high-sounding name of Mr. Westminster Abbey.

Men are becoming scarcer year after year. So says a German statistician; and he predicts that 3,000 years hence there will be only one man to 220 women.

Musical vibrations will cause high explosives to go off.

In Wales and in Cornwall miners burn their hats upon the birth of a male child; if a girl be born his neighbors burn it for him.



## Syrup of Figs

ACTS GENTLY ON KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY; DISPELS COLDS HEADACHES & FEVERS;

OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY.

ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS, TO GET

BUY THE GENUINE—MAN'D BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE.



# THE HERALD

PONOKA, ALBERTA.

The Sicilians say that fire will not burn a man born on St. Paul's day (January 25), but that if a woman be burned on that day the sore will never heal and will eventually cause her death, according to the St. Louis Republic.

Dyspepsia or indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, lots of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of Headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed for a while never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

Where a fire burns upon the hearth the Germans say that lightning never strikes.

Paper is used as a substitute for rubber on bicycle tires.

## \$100-REWARD-\$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the Best.

There is a similarity in the making of salads and jokes. They are more likely to suit our own tastes than the tastes of others.

OUT OF SORTS—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a little saying that "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two or three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

When a Russian family moves from one house to another they always rake all the fire from the hearth of the old domicile and carry it in a closed pot to their new residence.

## MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

In Devonshire, England, if a fire burns blue and dead, it is thought to be a forerunner of death or disaster in that house.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co. Gentlemen.—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

Yours truly, J. B. LEVESQUE, St. Joseph, P.Q., Aug. 18, 1900.

Love may be blind, but small brothers see everything in sight.

CAN RECOMMEND IT.—Mr. Enos Bernberry, Tasearora, writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is all that you claim it to be. We have been using it 1 1/2 years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and take great pleasure in recommending it."

It is said that only Mecca, in Arabia, and Thebes, in Thibet, are now closed to Christian preachers, but 100 years ago nearly the whole world outside of Europe and America was shut.

Lever's V-Z (Wise head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleanses at the same time.

An expert is a man whose ignorance overshadows that of ordinary men.

The cohab tree continues to grow in length after it has been felled.

What a shock it would be to most people if they could see us as we see ourselves.

Swallows fly low before a rain because the insects they pursue are then nearer to the ground to escape the moisture of the upper air.

After Over-Indulgence get your stomach and liver into proper condition by using this renowned old family remedy

# Beecham's Pills.

Sold Everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.

## TEST DRINKING WATER.

Two Methods by Which You May Determine Its Quality.

The supply of drinking water for the family should be tested at least once a year. Water that at one time is pure and wholesome may become too impure for use, yet it may be without color, and have no odor or taste to show its dangerous qualities.

A simple test of drinking water is the Melsch sewage test. Fill a clean pint bottle three-quarters full of the water to be tested, and dissolve in it half a teaspoonful of granulated sugar. Cork it and set it in a warm place for two days. If during this time it becomes cloudy or milky it is unfit for domestic use. If it remains perfectly clear it is probably safe. Be careful that the bottle is absolutely as clean as you can make it and the sugar pure.

The second test is also a simple one. Obtain from a trustworthy druggist 5 cents' worth of saturated solution of permanganate of potassium. Add about five drops of this to a pint bottle of water. This will turn the water a beautiful rose purple. If there is any considerable amount of organic matter the color will give place in the course of a few hours to a more or less dirty reddish brown. If the color of the water in the bottle remains for twelve hours unchanged from the rose purple it assumed when the permanganate of potassium was first added, it may be considered free from organic contamination.

## The Hawaiian as a Diver.

The working crews of the Hawaiian Islands were quartered in suitable camps near their field of labor. They were natives, good fellows, willing workers, admirably adapted to the duty required of them, which was largely in boats and in the water. I well remember one who excelled in diving. On a certain occasion, when the placing of a deep water mooring had just been accomplished, it became necessary to detach under water the end of a hawser, which had been made fast to the submerged part of a spar buoy about forty or fifty feet below the surface of the sea. The man was told to take his sheath knife down with him and cut the hawser as near its end as he could, so as to lose as little as possible of the valuable cable. Taking his knife in his teeth, he disappeared beneath the water and remained out of sight as long that he was almost given up for lost, when he suddenly reappeared, and on being asked if he had cut the hawser as he had been told to reported that he had uncut it without cutting off any part of it whatever.—James D. Hague in Century.

## Arm in Arm With a Tigress.

It is related of Sir Edward Bradford that he once walked arm in arm, so to speak, with a tigress. He was out shooting and, always a fearless sportsman, had come to close quarters with his quarry. He fired, and either the ball failed to take effect or but slightly wounded the animal. She sprang at him and seized his left arm above the elbow. The pain must have been terrible, but Sir Edward kept cool, and, realizing that it would be death to drag his mangled arm away and allow her to spring afresh at him, he deliberately walked a few agonizing paces until his comrade was able to take aim and kill the brute. Thus his courage saved his life, though the amputation of his arm at the shoulder proved necessary.

## Wild Brook Trout.

Hawthorne describes an ideal breakfast as consisting of hot cakes, brook trout, roast potatoes, fresh boiled eggs and coffee. The piece de resistance of this breakfast is the brook trout. In spite of all the efforts of fish culturists, the wild brook trout remains the finest morsel the epicure can seek. Cultivated trout taste too perceptibly of liver to be a food greatly desired. The wild trout that springs in his native mountain stream is far superior to any cultivated fish. Cook it in the simplest manner, dipping it in oil, salt and pepper and broiling it over hot coals. Serve it simply with butter and slices of lemon.

## Benefits of Traveling.

Proper recreation prolongs life. This fact is now better appreciated by busy people than ever before. Of all the forms of recreation the best perhaps is traveling. The benefits to be derived from it cannot be exaggerated. A journey, whether brief or long, is sure to relieve the mind of business or domestic cares by directing it into pleasanter channels. Thousands can testify that traveling has improved their health, lengthened their lives, brightened their mental faculties more than anything else.

## Separated.

The parlor sofa holds the twain, Miranda and her lovesick swain, Headache.

But, hark! A step upon the stair, And papa finds them sitting there, He and she.

## The Trouble.

Mrs. Jones—I always think twice before I speak once, sir! Mr. Jones (sighing)—Exactly, Maria, but you're such a quick thinker!

## HE WAS PARALYZED

Unable to Walk or Raise His Hands to His Head.

A More Unfortunate Case Could Scarcely be Imagined Than a Husband and Father in This Wretched Condition.

Oshawa, Ont., Oct. 6.—(Special)—The experience of Mr. Joseph Brown, an employee of the Oshawa Malleable Iron Works, should be a lesson to every sick person.

Some five years ago Mr. Brown, who is a hard-working, industrious and sober man, began to feel a stiffness and soreness in the calves of his legs. This gradually increased till he had lost all power in his limbs and arms. He could not have raised his arms to his head to save his life and for over four months he could not stand or walk alone a single step.

All the doctors treated him and gave him up. Then he consulted a Bowmanville doctor who told him he could do nothing for him and advised him to go to the hospital in Toronto where they might be able to help him a little.

To the hospital he went in January, 1898, and remained under treatment for over four weeks. Twelve doctors told him he could not recover and that nothing could be done for him. He was getting worse every day and when removed to his home in Oshawa was like a baby unable to move.

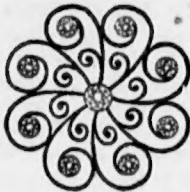
His father-in-law, Mr. John Allin, had heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and suggested that Mr. Brown try them. He did and he says:

"I used also other twelve boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and by the first of May I was able to start work again in the shop and I have never been sick or off work a day since."

"I am sure I owe my life, health and strength to that great remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills."

If the wife is a slave to fashion the poor husband must of a necessity be a slave to the almighty dollar.

## Diamond Brooches.



EACH ONE of the nine Diamonds in the Brooch shown here is a faultless gem.

This is our No. 4704, which we sell for \$175—We guarantee the quality.

Write for our new catalogue. It illustrates an unlimited variety of choice jewel prices.

### Ryrie Bros.,

Jewelers,  
Yonge and Adelaide Streets,  
Toronto.

Few women know how to grow old gracefully, and even they do not want to.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Though the ostrich may not be a gambler, he has tips on many races.

From a cat's point of view a saucer of cream is the lap of luxury.

Platinum has been drawn into wire so fine that eighteen strands of it twisted together could be inserted into the hollow of a human hair.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Drums made of aluminum are used in the German army. They are lighter and give a louder and more musical sound than those made of other metal.



Unless the soap you use has this brand you are not getting the best

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

ASK FOR

## Ogilvie Oats

Delicious flavor. Free from hulls. Warranted Pure. Put up in all sized packages.

## Ogilvie's Hungarian

As now manufactured. The great FAMILY FLOUR. Insist on getting "OGILVIE'S," as they are better than the Best.

### HAVE NO EQUAL.

Not merely the best value, or the best at a price, but positively the best at any price!

### Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

## GOOD MONEY EARNED

Knitting for us. Other inducements to right parties. We rent new machines. Send for particulars at once. Ontario Furnishing Co. Toronto, Ont.

## T. H. METCALFE & CO.

Grain and Commission Merchants. Highest prices paid for wheat, oats, barley or flax in carlots. Wire or write me for prices before selling. Liberal advances made on consignments and handled on commission. Licensed and Bonded. P. O. Box 550, Winnipeg, Man.

No doubt the TEA you are using is good TEA, but if it is not

## GOLD STANDARD

it is not the best.

## HALCYON HOT SPRINGS SANITARIUM

Arrow Lake, B. C.

Situated amidst scenery unrivalled for grandeur. The most complete health resort on the continent of North America.

Its baths cure all Nervous and Muscular diseases. Its waters heal all Kidney, Liver and Stomach ailments.

They are a never-failing remedy for all Rheumatic troubles.

TERM—\$15 to \$18 per week, according to residence in Hotel or Villas.

## AFTER THIS IT IS YOUR FAULT

If you suffer with what is generally known as a bad liver.

**Fleming's No. 9, Liver Pills.** will effectually relieve the worst case of bilious headache, constipation, indigestion and by cleansing and purifying the stomach relieve the system of many of the poisons that bring on fevers. Ask your Druggist for them, if he has none send us 25c for a bottle, or \$1.00 for 5 bottles.

FLEMING'S DRUG STORE, BRANDON.

In Cambridgeshire, England, there is a curious belief to the effect that a fire started by a lightning stroke can only be quenched by milk.

## "KELPION"

Endorsed by best English medical journals. Supplied to British soldiers in South Africa. For all Throat and Gland Troubles, Lumps, Abscesses, Old Sores, Ulcers, Follies, Skin Diseases, Eczema, Pimples, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Piles, Cuts, Sore Feet, Pleurisy. Sold by Druggists, 25c. Try it once.

A man is often reminded of something he has forgotten only to discover he can't remember what it was.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Hickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the deceased parts a chance to heal.

The more we do the more we can do. The more busy we are the more leisure we have.—Hazlitt.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

No, Cordelia, a plagiarist isn't necessarily the author of a play.



## LUCINA

Is stamped in plain letters on every cigar, look for it then for that sweet flavor for which the cigar is noted.

### GEO. F. BRYAN & CO., Winnipeg

## IMPERIAL MAPLE SYRUP

The quality standard from Ocean to Ocean. Your money back if not satisfactory.

ROSE & LAFLAMME, AGTS., MONTREAL.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT? WHAT? LEE'S Priceless Recipes, 3,000 secrets for the home, farm, laboratory, workshop, and every department of human endeavor, with full index to contents; 368 pages, bound in cloth; send 25 cents for a copy, and if you think the book is not worth the money send it back, and your money will be refunded; this is a good side line for canvassers. Write for terms if you want to canvass. WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book-room, Toronto, Ontario.

W. N. U. No. 397.

Some men make a specialty of being honest only because it pays better than dishonesty.

## WILSON'S FLY PADS

WILL RID YOUR HOUSE OF FLIES IN A FEW HOURS.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you; grieve, and the world laughs at you.

Agitation is the method that plants the school by the side of the ballot-box.—Wendell Phillips.

In Greece, when one peasant borrows fire from another's hearth to kindle his own, the owner of the fire must accompany the borrower to his home "to see the fire blaze," otherwise the one making the loan will have his house and goods destroyed by the devouring element.

Beauty is only skin deep, but ugliness is built up from the bone.



# COMING! COMING! Famous Boston Entertainers.

Ten of our representative citizens joined in guaranteeing the Boston Entertainers a liberal amount to have them appear here on Thursday evening of next week.

The Boston entertainers are great artists. They have recently returned from a very successful tour to Australia, New Zealand and Hawaii Islands. On Wednesday of this week appeared at Calgary before a packed house. The Calgary papers speak of them as great artists. The following clippings are from the San Francisco Call and Chronicle.

Jean Durell's talent created quite a stir in this city.

"Miss Jean Durell is very original. She keeps the audience convulsed with laughter."

The entertainment will be given in the school house next Thursday evening. Admission, adults 50c, children 25c.

## For Sale.

28-inch separator.

FRANK SCOTT.

## For Sale.

One steam boiler, will boil seventy five gallons water per hour. Suitable for feed cooker. Complete with two galvanized tanks of thirty five gallons each, together with pipe and coupling. Price \$80 cash or stock. Inquire at HERALD Office.

## Notice.

To whom it may concern:— All parties in arrears for taxes due the Ponoka school district No. 423 are hereby notified that Albert E. Sage has been appointed as collector for these taxes. All taxes due the district must be paid without further delay. These funds are badly needed to defray the expenses of the school and this request must be complied with.

By order of Trustees Ponoka School District No. 423.

The HERALD wishes to begin the new year with a largely increased subscription list. Especially do we desire that all adjacent to Ponoka read their local paper. As a special offer we will give every person receiving mail at this office, the HERALD from now till January 1, 1904, for one dollar.

## The Local Improvement Ordinance Northwest Territories.

Notice is hereby given that under the provisions of Section 66 of the Local Improvement Ordinance, the Honorable Mr. Justice Scott has appointed Thursday the 20th day of November, 1902, at ten o'clock a.m. at the Court Room in Edmonton for the holding of a Court for confirmation of the returns made under the provisions of Section 65 of the Local Improvement Ordinance in respect of the following Local Improvement Districts, viz.

Local Improvement Districts Nos. 2, 17, 21, 22, 24, 30, 31, 35, 38, 42, 44, 45, 48, 52, 55, 69, 73, 159, 226, 228, 231, 240, 255, 401, 403, 405, 407, 422, 424, 434, 446, 451, 458, and 485.

Dated at Regina this 3rd. day of September, 1902.

J. S. DENNIS,

Deputy Commissioner of Public Works.

## ...C. C. REED...

Notary  
Public.

Money Loaned  
on Farm and  
Town Property.

Sub. Agent  
Dominion Lands.

## Asker.

Thrashing is now a thing of the past for this year in Asker. The Asker Thrashing Co and Valentine Neils have both been in here and have done good work. The yield falls short of last year although it is quite satisfactory. Oats will average about sixty bushels to the acre, and other crops in proportion. E. Krefting got from 1/2 acre six bushels of flax of very fine quality.

Ole Oas has rented C. C. Reed's breaking on Banana Ridge for next summer.

The ladies of Asker have organized a Sewing Society and are now busy preparing for a bazaar which will be held some time this fall or winter. Mrs. C. Thorstad is the President, Mrs. H. E. Krefting, Secretary and Mrs. E. Krefting, Treasurer.

If it keeps on snowing as it has been the last few days there will be some very lively "Ski" sport this winter. There is already some talk of organizing a "Ski" club. Well we have the hills and the men all we want is enthusiasm and snow.

## Notice.

All settlements for Sharphead Indian Reserve land may be made at this office free of charge including all correspondence.

CLINTON C. REED.

## School Seals.

The HERALD office is now in a position to accept orders for seals for secretaries of school districts, or others desiring official seals at popular prices. Satisfaction with every seal guaranteed.

## Cold Weather Is Coming.

Prepare for it by laying in your winter's supply of

## Stove Wood.

Stove wood 75c per load,  
Pole wood \$1.00 per cord.  
Custom Sawing Promptly Done.  
W. G. MERKLEY.

## Dentistry

DR. J. CHRISTIE,

Licentiate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto

Will visit Ponoka every...

Friday and Saturday

with a view to locating permanently. When desired

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

## MORNINGSIDE

Lumber Yard  
HANDLES

## Lumber

Lath,  
Shingles  
Building Material

Complete Stock,  
low Prices.

E. H. MATTHIAS  
Morningside, Alta.

## THE HERALD

\*Gives the\*

## LOCAL NEWS.

\$1.00 per Annum.

The HERALD  
and

FREE PRESS  
\$1.75.

## J. A. FAIRLEY, Banker.

Interest allowed on deposits.

A general banking business transacted.

PONOKA ... ALBERTA.

## Geo. W. Hotson...

...LACOMBE, Alta

Careful and  
Experienced WATCHMAKER.

Leave work with  
A. REID, Ponoka.

Can do your work  
after others fail.

A trial  
Convinces.

Prices right.

Work guaranteed.

## Barber Shop:::

Next door  
to C. S. Shop.

Eight Shaves \$1.00.

Hair Cut 25c.

---+---

JAKE HUBER,  
Proprietor.

## Singer Sewing Machine Co.

E. M. PETEREIT  
of Ladue,

—Agent for the—

Ladue

Wotaskiwin,

Ponoka and

Part of Lacombe Districts.  
Write me for repairs, needles, oil, etc. If your old machine is out of order, ask me to overhaul it. I am able to repair every make of sewing machine.

## Merchants Bank of Canada

Head office: MONTREAL.

Capital (paid up) \$6,000,000.  
Reserve Fund \$2,600,000

## LACOMBE BRANCH

Interest allowed on Deposits.

A general Banking Business

R. TAYLOR, Mgr.

## AS A WORKING TOOL

for the student and the writer, as an authoritative reference book for schools, families and business men, there is one book which offers superior advantages both in the solid value of its information, and the ease with which it is obtained.

One's admiration for Webster's International Dictionary increases daily as it comes to be better known. It never refuses the information sought and it never overwhelms one with a mass of mis-information illogically arranged.

The St. James Gazette of London, England, says: For the teacher, the pupil, the student and the litterateur, there is nothing better; it covers everything.

The New and Enlarged Edition recently issued has 25,000 new words and phrases, 2364 pages and 5000 illustrations.

Our name is on the title-pages of all the authentic dictionaries of the Webster series.

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"A Test in Pronunciation" which affords a pleasant and instructive evening's entertainment. Illustrated pamphlet also free.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Pubs., Springfield, Mass.

## COOK STOVES. BOX STOVES. Air-Tight Heaters

All kinds of tin work and repairing done promptly.

...R. K. ALLAN.

## New Bakery

In J. B. Barr's House South End Railway St.

Best Bread,  
Pastry, Fruit.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

... Jacob Smith.

## City Livery

...Feed and Sale Stable.

GOVERNMENT LAND GUIDE for the Ponoka District.

W. N. TRIMBLE PONOKA.

## A Large Supply of FLOUR & SALT

Just to Hand.

Prices as Low as the Lowest.

Highest Market Price Paid  
for GRAIN and HAY...

McGillivray &  
Herrick.

## For Good Health

To preserve or restore it there is no better prescription for men, women and children than Ripan's Tablets. They are easy to take. They are made of a combination of medicines approved and used by every physician. Ripan's Tablets are widely used by all sorts of people—but to the plain, everyday folks they are a veritable friend in need. Ripan's tablets have become their standard family remedy. They are a dependable honest remedy with a long and successful record, to cure indigestion, dyspepsia, habitua and stubborn constipation, offensive breath, heartburn, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, sleeplessness, muscular rheumatism, sour stomach, bowel and liver complaints. They strengthen weak stomachs, build up run down systems, restore pure blood, good appetite and sound, natural sleep. Everybody derives constant benefit from a regular use of Ripan's Tablets. Your druggist sells them. The 5 cent package is enough for an ordinary occasion. The Family Bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

## R. I. P. A. N. S.

## W. D. PITCAIRN Real Estate Agt.

Has the following  
Choice Properties:

FOR SALE.

480 acres south of Bobtail reserve—hay, wood and water per acre, \$5  
1/2 sec. 22, 42, 26, per acre \$7  
nw 1/4 2, 42, 26, per acre \$5  
E 1/2 7, 42, 26, per acre \$5.  
Several lots in Morningside.  
Good house and lot, Chipman avenue, \$400.  
Splendid ranch near Buffalo lake, cattle horses, implements, buildings &c. \$1150.  
5 lots, Smith avenue, \$425.  
A1 lot, Smith avenue, \$270.  
Lot with good bldg. Railway street, \$450  
nw 1/4 28 43 25, impts. \$2000  
nw 1/4 28 42 22, impts. per A \$650 (half cash.)  
Imp. farm 10 m Lacombe \$1000.

TO RENT.

2 good Farms close to town.  
Several small dwellings in town.

## Are You

GOING TO

## Paint?

Painting and Paperhanging is my profession and I guarantee all my work. I have located permanently in Ponoka and solicit a share of the work in my line.

My Prices are Right.

J. F. SULLIVAN

PONOKA.